24.

A

SPEECH

MADE

By a True Proteſtant Engliſh Gentleman,

To incourage the CITY of

LONDON

To Petition for the Sitting of the

Parliament.

GENTLEMEN,

I SHALL not (I hope I need not) uſe many Arguments to perſwade you to look about you, the Popiſh Clouds are gathered, and muſt and will fall: Matters of Fact and Important Truths need no Artificial Dreſs to re-commend them, but (to my unſpeakable Grief I ſpeak it) we live in a ſordid, degenerate Age; wherein Truth is under the higheſt Diſcouragement, and forced into Corners, the ſecret Places where poſſibly a few own it; yet I cannot but hope at laſt it will work its own way, and will overcome and ſurmount all malicious Arts and Diſcouragements. However Gentlemen, I am not a little comforted, to ſee Men are more and more awake out of their Lethargy; I hope I ſpeak to true Proteſtant Engliſh Spirits, my way is plainneſs, and I do ſtudy it, becauſe I know Engliſh-men love plain, ſincere Dealing. I ſhall not enlarge (though I could to a Volume) but will only, as in a Mirror or Glaſs, repreſent that you are determined by Popiſh Deſigns and Meaſures) to Bondage (worſe than Egyptian) and that of a long Duration. I ſet before you the Death or Life of the Proteſtant Religion, our Lives and Liberties; let your Zeal direct your Choice: the Stock is great, we muſt work while it is day, leaſt the Night of Popery come (its already darkiſh) then it will be too late, except we ſee by *Smithfield* Lights. The True Worſhip of God is God's Honour, and the greateſt Bleſſing on this ſide Heaven. It ought to be weighed how far the very Notional Honour of the World leads Men to a Vindication of the honour of a Friend or Relation, it puts Life and Eſtate to hazard; then how infinite-

ly more ought we, upon a much more truly Noble Account? It is a Title and Character, infinitely above the higheſt Titles the World can confer, to be called and ſtiled; *The Friend of God*; which none deſerves, nor can ever arrive at, but ſuch as vindicate and aſſert with their Blood the True Worſhip, which is God's Glory and Honour, and our great Dignity and Priviledge, to be called to ſo Noble a Work and Service, which has its Reward in it ſelf and Crowns (that never fade) for the Conquerours Life, Liberty, and Eſtate, are only deſirable, as they are Inablements, and as it were Habilliments for this Glorious Warfare, and but as Duſt in the Ballance, though great Temporal Means and Bleſſings thankfully to be valued and prized. Gentlemen, All thoſe are now in manifeſt hazard, yet only (under God) a Parliament can ſecure them to us: May we not fear, Gentlemen, that there are ſome about the King, who from the horrour of their Actions are afraid the Parliament ſhould ſit, and labour to poſſeſs the K. with an ill Opinion of his People; but when the K. ſees the humble Deſires of his People in their Petitions, no doubt he will alter his Reſolutions; and let the Parliament meet in *January*. Let us do our Endeavours, and leave the Succeſs to Divine Bleſſing; therefore proceed without any diſmay: you walk within the Laws, and its your Birth-right and Priviledge, and the Kings Honour, to receive the Supplications of his People. The King of Kings delights that we ſhould come and draw nigh to him in times of difficulty and danger, and more eſpecially encourages us to doit. And as it is our Duty and Priviledge, ſo it's, if not the Kings Duty, his Dignity, to hear, redreſs, and heal the Sores and Wounds of his People. I have found ſweet Meditations in the Little Book of Martyrs (the Eleventh Chapter to the *Hebrews*) of whom the World was not worthy, who deſpiſed the ſhame, preferred the reproaches of the preſent World before their Lawrels, Triumphs, and Preferments; having a Proſpect of the Recompence of the Reward. I do earneſtly recommend the frequent Reading of that Chapter, the more I read it, the more novelty I find in it; and it both kindled and bred in me ſuch a Contempt of the World, that I could chearfully ſacrifice my all (a poor all) it's only what God gave or rather lent; and it were the higheſt and blackeſt ingratitude, not to leave it at his Feet for his Glory and Honour, and the True Proteſtant Religion. I hope, by Gods Bleſſing, it may have the ſame effect and operation in you; it will be a *Viaticum* and Cordial in the Holy War, which is like to be not only here, but in Chriſtendom: for Popery or Proteſtantiſme muſt fall. Gentlemen, I have no more to adde, I ſpeak my mind freely to you, I adviſe you to do what I intend to do my ſelf, what-ever come of it. I know on whoſe ſide the Jails are, I may be committed; but I have the ſatisfaction that I have the Law as a Staff in my Hand to walk by. I am above the fear of Death, much more of a Jail; I hope all you are too; and therefore I will ſubſcribe: My Courage allows me to own the Proteſtant Religion.

FINIS.

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